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M O N O D Y

O N

MAJOR ANDRÈ.

BY MISS SEWARD.

(AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY ON CAPT. COOK.)

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO HER

BY MAJOR ANDRÈ,

IN THE YEAR 1769.

L I C H F I E L D :

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M.DCC.LXXXI.

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У Ц О И С М

ЭВАРА РОДРИ

АМЕРИКАНСКАЯ

СОВЕТСКАЯ РАБОТА

ИЗДАНИЕ 1950

МОСКВА

T O
HIS EXCELLENCY,
SIR HENRY CLINTON,
KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR,

WITH the zeal of a religious Enthusiast to his murdered Saint, the Author of this mournful Eulogium consecrates it to the memory of Major Andrè, who fell a Martyr in the Cause of his King and Country, with the firm intrepidity of a Roman, and the amiable resignation of a Christian Hero.

Distant Awe and Reverence prevent her

A 2

offering

iv.

offering these Effusions of Gratitude to the
beneficent and Royal Patron of the André
Family. May Mr. André's illustrious Ge-
neral, the Guardian of his injured Honour,
his conspicuous and personal Friend, deign
to accept them from One, who was once
happy in the Friendship of the GLORIOUS
SUFFERER.

Your EXCELLENCY'S

most obedient humble Servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

M O N O D Y

O N

M A J O R A N D R È.

L OUD howls the storm! the vex'd Atlantic roars!
Thy Genius, Britain, wanders on its shores!
Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,
And groans of Anguish, mid the shrieks of War!
Hears the deep curses of the Great and Brave,
Sigh in the wind, and murmur on the wave!
O'er his damp brow the sable crape he binds,
And throws his * victor garland to the winds;

* *Victor garland.*—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

Bids haggard Winter, in the drear sojourn,
 Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn ;
 With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,
 And hang the dusky wreath round Honour's shrine.
 Bids steel-clad Valour chace that dove-like Bride,
 Enfeebling Mercy, from his awful side ;
 Where long she sat and check'd the ardent rein,
 As whirl'd his chariot o'er th' embattled plain ;
 Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,
 Rais'd her white arm, and stay'd th' uplifted spear ;
 Then, in her place, bids Vengeance mount the car,
 And glut with gore th' insatiate Dogs of War !—
 With one pale hand the * bloody scroll he rears,
 And bids his Nations blot it with their tears ;
 And one, extended o'er th' Atlantic wave,
 Points to his André's ignominious grave !

And shall the Muse, that marks the solemn scene,
 “ As busy Fancy lifts the veil between, ”

* *Bloody scroll*.—The Court-Martial decree, signed at Tappan, for Major André's execution.

Refuse to mingle in the awful train,
 Nor breathe, with glowing zeal, the votive strain ?
 From public fame shall admiration fire
 The boldest numbers of her raptur'd lyre
 To hymn a Stranger ? —and with ardent lay
 Lead the wild mourner round her Cook's morai ;
 While Andrè fades upon his dreary bier
 And * Julia's only tribute is her tear ?
 Dear, lovely Youth ! whose gentle virtues stole
 Thro' Friendship's softning medium on her soul !
 Ah no ! — with every strong resistless plea,
 Rise the recorded days she pass'd with thee,
 While each dim shadow of o'er-whelming Years,
 With glance reverted Eagle-memory clears.

Belov'd Companion of the fairest hours
 That rose for her in Joy's resplendent bow'rs,
 How gaily shone on thy bright morn of Youth
 The Star of Pleasure, and the Sun of Truth !

* *Julia*. — The name by which Mr. Andrè address'd the Author in his correspondence with her.

Full from their source descended on thy mind
 Each gen'rous virtue, and each taste refin'd ;
 Young Genius led thee to his varied fane,
 Bade thee ask * all his gifts, nor ask in vain ;
 Hence novel thoughts, in ev'ry lustre drest
 Of pointed Wit, that diamond of the breast ;
 Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,
 Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay ;
 And hence thy pencil, with his colours warm,
 Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm
 Whose transient glories beam on Beauty's cheek,
 And bid thy glowing Ivory breathe and speak.
 Blest pencil ! by kind Fate ordain'd to save
 Honora's semblance from her † early grave.

* *All his gifts.*—Mr. Andrè had conspicuous talents for Poetry, Music, and Painting. The News-papers mention'd a satiric poem of his upon the Americans, which was suppos'd to have stimulated their barbarity towards him.—Of his wit and vivacity, the letters subjoin'd to this work afford ample proof.—They were address'd to the Author, by Mr. Andrè when he was a Youth of eighteen.

† *Early grave.*—Miss Honora S—— to whom Mr. Andrè's attachment was of such singular constancy, died in a consumption a few months before he suffer'd death at Tappan. She had married another Gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr. Andrè had been dissolv'd by parental Authority.

Oh !

Oh! while on * Julia's arm it sweetly smiles,
 And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,
 Fondly she weeps the hand which form'd the spell,
 Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthy cell!

But sure the Youth, whose ill-starr'd passion strove
 With all the pangs of inauspicious Love,
 Full oft' deplor'd the fatal art, that stole
 The jocund freedom of its Master's soul!

While with nice hand he mark'd the living grace
 And matchless sweetness of Honora's face,
 Th' enamour'd Youth the faithful traces blest;
 That barb'd the dart of Beauty in his breast;
 Around his neck th' enchanting Portrait hung,
 While a warm vow burst ardent from his tongue,
 That from his bosom no succeeding day,
 No chance should bear that talisman away.

* *Julia's arm*.—Mr. Andrè drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S—— on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton, in the Year 1769, one for himself, the other for the Author of this poem.

'Twas thus * Apelles bask'd in Beauty's blaze,
 And felt the mischief of the steadfast gaze ;
 Trac'd with disorder'd hand Campaspe's charms ;
 And as their beams the kindling Canvas warms,
 Triumphant Love, with still superior art,
 Engraves their wonders on the Painter's heart.

Dear lost Companion ! ever constant Youth !
 That Fate had smil'd on thy unequal'd truth !
 Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow
 Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to glow !
 Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,
 And Hymen strew'd thy path with all his flow'rs ;
 Drawn to thy roof, by Friendship's silver cord,
 Each social Joy had brighten'd at thy board ;
 Science, and soft affection's blended rays
 Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days ;
 From hour, to hour, thy taste, with conscious pride,
 Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely Bride ;

* *'Twas thus Apelles.*—Prior is very elegant upon this circumstance in an Ode to his Friend Mr. Howard the Painter.

Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face
 Thy fair Honora's least engaging grace.
 Dear lost Honora! o'er thy early bier
 The Muse still sheds her ever sacred tear!—
 The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,
 By Zephyrs fan'd, and murm'ring fountains fed,
 In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,
 Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.
 Oh! when such Pairs their kindred Spirit find,
 When Sense and Virtue deck each spotless Mind,
 Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
 And Fate's dark pinion hovers o'er the wreck.

Now Prudence, in her cold and thifty care,
 Frown'd on the Maid, and bad the Youth despair;
 For Pow'r-Parental sternly saw, and strove
 To tear the lilly-bands of plighted Love;
 Nor strove in vain;—but while the Fair One's sighs
 Disperse, like April-storms in sunny skies,

The firmer Lover, with unswerving truth,
 To his first passion consecrates his Youth;
 Tho' four long years a night of absence prove,
 Yet Hope's soft Star shone trembling on his Love;
 Till * busy Rumour chas'd each pleasing dream
 And quench'd the radiance of the silver beam.

“ Honora loft!—my happy Rival's Bride!
 “ Swell ye full Sails! and roll thou mighty Tide!
 “ O'er the dark waves forsaken André bear
 “ Amid the vollying thunders of the War!
 “ To win bright Glory from my Country's Foes,
 “ E'en in this ice of Love, my bosom glows.
 “ Voluptuous LONDON! where thy turrets blaze,
 “ Their hundred thrones the frolic Pleasures raise;
 “ Bid proud Expence Sabea odours bring,
 “ Nor ask her roses of the tardy Spring;
 “ Where Music floats the glitt'ring roofs among,
 “ And with meand'ring cadence swells the Song;

* *Busy Rumour*.—The tidings of Honora's Marriage. Upon that event Mr. André quitted his Profession as a Merchant and join'd our Army in America.

“ Where

“ Where Painting burns the Grecian Meed to claim,
 “ From the high temple of immortal Fame,
 “ Bears to the radiant Goal, with ardent pace,
 “ Her Kaufman’s beauty, and her Reynold’s grace;
 “ Where Sun-clad Poetry the strain inspires,
 “ And foils the Grecian Harps, the Latian Lyres.

“ Ye soft’ning Luxuries ! ye polish’d Arts !
 “ Bend your enfeebling rays on tranquil hearts !
 “ I quit the Song, the Pencil, and the Lyre,
 “ White robes of Peace, and Pleasure’s soft attire,
 “ To seize the Sword, to mount the rapid Car,
 “ In all the proud habiliments of War.—
 “ Honora lost ! I woo a sterner Bride,
 “ The arm’d Bellona calls me to her side;
 “ Harsh is the music of our marriage strain !
 “ It breathes in thunder from the western plain !
 “ Wide o’er the watry world its echos roll,
 “ And rouse each latent ardor of my Soul.

“ And tho’ unlike the soft melodious lay,
“ That gaily wak’d Honora’s nuptial day,
“ Its deeper tones shall whisper, e’er they cease,
“ More genuine transport, and more lasting peace!

“ Resolv’d I go!—nor from that fatal bourn
“ To these gay scenes shall André’s step return!
“ Set is the star of Love, that ought to guide
“ His refluent Bark across the mighty Tide!—
“ But while my Country’s Foes, with impious hand
“ Hurl o’er the subject plains the livid brand
“ Of dire Sedition!—Oh! let Heav’n ordain
“ While André lives, he may not live in vain!

“ Yet without one kind farewell, cou’d I roam
“ Far from my weeping Friends, my peaceful home,
“ The best affections of my heart must cease,
“ And gratitude be lost, with hope, and peace!

“ My

“ My lovely Sisters! who were wont to twine
 “ Your Souls soft feelings with each wish of mine,
 “ Shall, when this breast beats high at Glory’s call,
 “ From your mild eyes the show’rs of Sorrow fall?—
 “ The light of Excellence, that round you glows,
 “ Decks with reflected beams your Brother’s brows!
 “ Oh! may his Fame, in some distinguish’d day,
 “ Pour on that Excellence the brightest ray!

“ Dim clouds of Woe! ye veil each sprightly grace
 “ That us’d to sparkle in Maria’s face.—
 “ My * tuneful Anna to her lute complains,
 “ But Griefs fond throbs arrest the parting strains.—
 “ Fair, as the silver blossom on the thorn,
 “ Soft as the spirit of the vernal morn,
 “ Louisa, chase those trembling fears, that prove
 “ Th’ ungovern’d terrors of a Sister’s love.
 “ They bend thy sweet head, like yon lucid flow’r,
 “ That shrinks and fades beneath the Summer’s show’r.—

* *Tuneful Anna*.—Miss Anne Andrè has a poetical talent.

“ Oh ! smile, my Sisters, on this destin'd day,
 “ And with the radiant omen gild my way !
 “ And thou, my Brother, gentle as the gale,
 “ Whose breath perfumes anew the blossom'd vale,
 “ Yet quick of Spirit, as th' electric beam,
 “ When from the clouds its darting lightnings stream,
 “ Soothe with incessant care our Mother's woes,
 “ And hush her anxious sighs to soft repose.—
 “ And be ye sure, when distant far I stray
 “ To share the dangers of the arduous day,
 “ Your tender faithful amity shall rest
 “ The * last dear record of my grateful breast.

“ Oh ! graceful Priests at the fane of Truth,
 “ Friend of my Soul ! and guardian of my Youth !

* *Last dear record.*— “ I have a Mother, and three Sisters, to whom the value of
 “ my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their
 “ income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject, I know your Excellency's
 “ goodness.”— See Major Andrè's last letter to General Clinton, publish'd in the
 Gazette.

“ Skill'd

“ Skill’d to convert the duty to the choice,
 “ My gentle Mother!—in whose melting voice
 “ The virtuous precept, that perpetual flow’d,
 “ With Music warbled, and with Beauty glow’d,
 “ Thy tears!—ah Heav’n!—not drops of molten lead,
 “ Pour’d on thy hapless Son’s devoted head,
 “ With keener smart had each sensation torn!—
 “ They wake the nerve where agonies are born!
 “ But Oh! restrain me not!—thy tender strife,
 “ What wou’d it save?—alas! thy Andrè’s life!
 “ Oh! what a weary pilgrimage ’twill prove
 “ Strew’d with the thorns of disappointed Love!
 “ Ne’er can he break the charm, whose fond controul,
 “ By habit rooted, lords it o’er his soul,
 “ If here he languish in inglorious ease,
 “ Where Science palls, and Pleasures cease to please.
 “ ’Tis Glory only, with her potent ray,
 “ Can chase the clouds that darken all his way.
 “ Then dry those pearly drops, that wildly flow,
 “ Nor snatch the laurel from my youthful brow!—

“ The

" The Rebel Standard blazes to the noon !
 " And Glory's path is bright before thy Son !
 " Then join thy voice ! and thou with Heav'n ordain
 " While Andrè lives, he may not live in vain !

He says !—— and fighting seeks the busy strand
 Where anchor'd Navies wait the wish'd command.
 To the full gale the nearer billows roar,
 And proudly lash the circumscribing shore ;
 While furious on the craggy coast they rave,
 All calm and lovely rolls the distant wave ;
 For onward, as th' unbounded waters spread,
 Deep sink the rocks in their capacious bed,
 And all their pointed terrors utmost force,
 But gently interrupts the billows course.

So on his present hour rude passion preys !
 So smooth the prospect of his future days !
 Unconscious of the Storm, that grimly sleeps,
 To wreck its fury on th' unshelter'd Deeps !

Now

Now yielding waves divide before the prow,
 The white sails bend, the streaming pennants glow;
 And swiftly waft him to the western plain,
 Where fierce Bellona rages o'er the slain.

Firm in their strength opposing Legions stand,
 Prepar'd to drench with blood the thirsty Land.
 Now Carnage hurls her flaming bolts afar,
 And Desolation groans amid the War.
 As bleed the Valiant, and the Mighty yield,
 Death stalks, the only Victor o'er the field.

Foremost in all the horrors of the day,
 Impetuous * *Andrè* leads the glorious way;
 Till, rashly bold, by numbers forc'd to yield,
 They drag him captive from the long-fought field.—
 Around the Hero croud th' exulting' Bands,
 And seize the spoils of War with bloody hands;

* *Impetuous Andrè*.—It is in this passage only that fiction has been employ'd thro' the narrative of the poem. Mr. *Andrè* was a prisoner in America, soon after his arrival there, but the Author is unacquainted with the circumstances of the action in which he was taken.

Snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest,
 And tear the golden crescent from his breast;
 The sword, the tube, that wings the death from far,
 And all the fatal implements of War!

Silent, unmov'd the gallant Youth survey'd
 The lavish spoils triumphant Ruffians made.
 The idle ornament, the useless spear
 He little recks, but oh! there is a fear
 Pants with quick throb, while yearning sorrows dart
 Thro' all his senses to his trembling heart.

“What tho' Honora's voice no more shall charm!
 “No more her beaming smile my bosom warm!
 “Yet from these eyes shall Force for ever tear
 “The sacred Image of that Form so dear?—
 “Shade * of my Love!—tho' mute and cold thy charms,
 “Ne'er hast thou blest my happy Rival's arms!

* *Shade of my Love.*—The miniature of Honora. A letter from Major André to one of his Friends, written a few years ago, contain'd the following sentence. “I have been taken prisoner by the Americans and stript of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that I yet think myself fortunate.”

" To my sad heart each Dawn has seen thee prest !
 " Each Night has laid thee pillow'd on my breast !
 " Force shall not tear thee from thy faithful shrine ;
 " Thou ne'er wert his, and shalt be ever mine !

" 'Tis fix'd !—these lips shall resolute inclose
 " The precious Soother of my ceaseless woes.
 " And shou'd relentless Violence invade
 " This last retreat, by frantic Fondness made,
 " One way remains !—Fate whispers to my Soul
 " Intrepid * Portia and her burning coal !
 " So shall the throbbing Inmate of my breast
 " From Love's sole gift meet everlasting rest ! "

While these sad thoughts in swift succession fire
 The smother'd embers of each fond desire,

* *Intrepid Portia.*— " BRUTUS.] Impatient of my absence,
 " And grieved that young Octavius, with Mark Anthony
See Shakspear's Play " Had made themselves so strong, she grew distracted,
of Julius Cæsar, " And, her Attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Act IV. Scene IV. " CASSIUS.] And dy'd so ?
 " BRUTUS.] Even so !

Quick to his mouth his eager hand removes
 The beauteous semblance of the Form he loves.
 That darling treasure safe, resign'd he wears
 The fordid robe, the scanty viand shares ;
 With chearful fortitude content to wait
 The barter'd ransom of a kinder fate.

Now many a Moon in her pale course had shed,
 The penfive beam on Andrè's captive head.
 At length the Sun rose jocund, to adorn
 With all his splendor the enfranchis'd Morn.
 Again the Hero joins the ardent Train
 That pours its thousands on the tented plain ;
 And shines distinguish'd in the long Array,
 Bright as the silver star that leads the Day !
 His modest temperance, his wakeful heed,
 His silent diligence, his ardent speed,
 Each warrior duty to the Veteran taught,
 Shaming the vain Experience Time had brought.

Dependance

Dependance scarcely feels his gentle sway,
 He shares each want, and smiles each grief away;
 And to the virtues of a noble Heart
 Unites the talents of inventive Art.
 Thus from his swift and faithful pencil flow
 The Lines, the Camp, the Fortrefs of the Foe;
 Serene to counteract each deep Design,
 Points the dark Ambush, and the springing Mine;
 Till, as a breathing Incense, Andrè's name
 Pervades the Host, and swells the loud acclaim.

The Chief no virtue views with cold regard,
 Skill'd to discern, and generous to reward;
 Each tow'ring hope his honor'd smiles impart,
 As near his Person, and more near his heart
 The graceful Youth he draws,—and round his brow
 Bids Rank and Pow'r their mingled brilliance throw.

Oh! hast thou seen a blooming Morn of May
 In crystal beauty shed the modest ray?

And with its balmy dews refreshing show'r
 Swell the young grain, and ope the purple flow'r?
 In bright'ning lustre reach its radiant Noon,
 Rob'd in the gayest mantle of the Sun?
 Then 'mid the splendors of its azure skies,
 Oh! hast thou seen the cruel Storm arise?
 In fable horror shroud each dazzling charm,
 And dash their glories back with icy arm!

Thus lower'd the deathful cloud amid the blaze
 Of Andrè's Destiny,—and quench'd its rays!—
 Ah fatal Embassy!—thy hazard's dire
 His kindling Soul with ev'ry ardor fire;
 Great Clinton gives it to the courage prov'd,
 And the known wisdom of the Friend he lov'd.

As fair Euryalus to meet his Fate,
 With Nyfus rushes from the Dardan gate,
 Relentless Fate! whose fury scorns to spare
 The snowy breast, red lip, and shining hair,

So

So polish'd Andrè launches on the waves,
 Where * Hudson's tide its dreary confine laves.
 With firm intrepid foot the Youth explores
 Each dangerous pathway of the hostile shores;
 But on no Veteran Chief his step attends,
 As silent round the gloomy Wood he wends;
 Alone he meets the brave repentant Foe,
 Sustains his late resolve, receives his vow,
 With ardent skill directs the doubtful course,
 Seals the firm bond and ratifies its force.

'Tis thus AMERICA, thy Generals fly,
 And wave new banners in their native sky!
 Sick of the mischiefs artful Gallia pours,
 In friendly semblance on thy ravag'd shores.
 Unnatural compact!—shall a Race of Slaves
 Sustain the ponderous standard Freedom waves?

* *Hudson's tide*.—Major Andrè came up the Hudson River to meet General Arnold. On his return by Land he fell into the hands of the Enemy.

No! while their feign'd Protection spreads the toils,
 The Vultures hover o'er the destin'd spoils!
 How fade Provincial glories, while You run
 To court far deeper bondage than you shun!
 Is this the generous active rising Flame,
 That boasted Liberty's immortal name!
 Blaz'd for its rights infring'd, its trophies torn,
 And taught the Wife the dire mistake to mourn,
 When haughty Britain, in a luckless hour,
 With rage inebriate, and the lust of pow'r,
 To fruitless conquest, and to countless graves
 Led her gay Legions o'er the western waves!
 The Fiend of Discord, cowering at the prow,
 Sat darkly smiling at th' impending woe!

Long did my Soul the wretched strife survey,
 And wept the horrors of the deathful day;
 Thro' rolling Years saw undecisive War
 Drag bleeding Wisdom at his iron Car;

Exhaust

Exhaust my Country's treasure, pour her gore
 In fruitless conflict on the distant shore ;
 Saw the firm Congress all her might oppose,
 And while I mourn'd her fate, rever'd her Foes.

But when, repentant of her prouder aim,
 She gently waves the long disputed claim ;
 Extends the charter with your rights restor'd,
 And hides in olive wreaths the blood-stain'd sword.
 Then to reject her peaceful wreaths, and throw
 Your Country's freedom to our mutual Foe!—
 Infatuate Land!—from that detested day
 Distracted Councils, and the thirst of Sway,
 Rapacious Avarice, Superstition vile,
 And all the *Frenchman* dictates in his guile
 Disgrace your Congress!—Justice drops her scale!
 And radiant Liberty averts her fail!
 They fly indignant the polluted plain,
 Where Truth is scorn'd and Mercy pleads in vain.

That

That she does plead in vain, thy witness bear,
 Accursed Hour!— Oh! darkest of the Year!
 That with Misfortune's deadliest venom fraught
 To Tappan's Wall the gallant Andrè brought,
 Snar'd in her fatal Maze, and borne away
 Of fell Revenge, in all its guilt the Prey!

Oh Washington! I thought thee great and good,
 Nor knew thy Nero-thirst of guiltless blood!
 Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,
 Thou cool determin'd Murderer of the Brave!
 Lost to each fairer Virtue, that inspires
 The genuine fervor of the Patriot fires!
 And You, the base Abettors of the doom,
 That sunk his blooming honours in the tomb,
 Th' opprobrious tomb your harden'd hearts decreed,
 While all he ask'd was as the Brave to bleed!
 Nor other boon the glorious Youth implor'd
 Save the cold Mercy of the Warrior-Sword!

O dark,

O dark, and pitiless ! your impious hate
 O'er-whelm'd the Hero in the Ruffian's fate !
 Stopt with the * Felon-cord the rosy breath !
 And venom'd with disgrace the darts of Death !

Remorseless Washington ! the day shall come
 Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom !
 When injur'd Andrè's memory shall inspire
 A kindling Army with resistless fire ;
 Each falchion sharpen that the Britons wield,
 And lead their fiercest Lion to the field !
 Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
 When dubious dread, and unavailing flight
 Impel your Host, thy guilt-upbraided Soul
 Shall wish untouch'd the sacred Life you stole !
 And when thy Heart appall'd and vanquish'd Pride
 Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd,

* *Felon-cord*.—"As I suffer in the defence of my Country, I must consider this hour as the most glorious of my life.—Remember that I die as becomes a British Officer, while the manner of my death must reflect disgrace on your Commander."

See Major Andrè's last words, inserted in the General Evening Post, for Tuesday November the 14, 1780.

With horror shalt thou meet the fate they gave,
 Nor Pity gild the darkness of thy grave!
 For Infamy with livid hand shall shed
 Eternal mildew on the ruthless head!

Less cruel far than thou, on Illium's plain
 Achilles, raging for Patroclus slain!
 When hapless Priam bends the aged knee
 To deprecate the Victor's dire decree,
 The Nobler Greek, in melting pity spares
 The lifeless Hector to his Father's pray'rs,
 Fierce as he was;—'tis *Cowards* only know
 Persisting vengeance o'er a *fallen* Foe.

But no intreaty wakes the soft remorse
 Oh murder'd André! for thy sacred Corse;
 Vain were an Army's, vain its Leader's fights!—
 Damp in the Earth on Hudson's shore it lies!
 Unshrouded welters in the wint'ry Storm,
 And gluts the riot of the * Tappan-Worm!

* *Tappan*.—The place where Major André was executed.

But Oh! its dust, like Abel's blood, shall rise
And call for justice from the angry skies!

What thou the Tyrants, with malignant pride,
To thy pale Corse each decent rite deny'd!
Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,
Nor with the Christian-*Requiem* sooth'd thy shade!
Yet on thy grass-green Bier soft April-Show'rs
Shall earliest wake the sweet spontaneous Flow'rs!
Bid the blue Hare-bell, and the Violet there
Hang their cold cup, and drop the pearly tear!
And oft, at pensive Eve's ambiguous gloom,
Imperial Honour, bending o'er thy tomb,
With solemn strains shall lull thy deep repose,
And with his deathless Laurels shade thy brows!

Lamented Youth! while with inverted spear
The British Legions pour th' indignant tear!
Round the dropt arm the * funeral-scarf entwine,
And in their hearts deep core thy worth enshrine;

* *Funeral-scarf*.—Our whole Army in America went into mourning for Major André, a distinguish'd tribute to his merit.

While my weak Muse, in fond attempt and vain,
 But feebly pours a perishable strain,
 Oh! ye distinguish'd Few! whose glowing lays
 Bright Phœbus kindles with his purest rays,
 Snatch from its radiant source the living fire,
 And light with * Vestal flame your ANDRÉ'S
 HALLOW'D PYRE!

* *Vestal flame*.—The Vestal fire was kept perpetually burning, and originally kindled from the rays of the Sun.

Anna Seward

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

Addressed to the AUTHOR of the foregoing
POEM, by Major ANDRÈ, when he was
a Youth of *Eighteen*.

CLAPTON, October 3, 1769.

FROM their agreeable excursion to Shrewsbury, my dearest
Friends are by this time returned to their thrice beloved
Lichfield.—Once again have they beheld those fortunate *spires*,
the constant witnesses of all their pains and pleasures. I can well
conceive the emotions of joy which their first appearance, from the
neighbouring hills, excites after absence;—they seem to welcome
you home, and invite you to reiterate those hours of happiness,
of which they are a species of monument. I shall have an eternal
love and reverence for them. Never shall I forget the joy that
danc'd.

danc'd in Honora's eyes, when she first shewed them to me from Needwood Forest on our return with you from Buxton to Lichfield. I remember she called them the *Ladies of the Valley*—their lightness and elegance deserve the title. Oh! how I lov'd them from that instant! My enthusiasm concerning them is carried farther even than yours and Honora's, for ev'ry object that has a pyramidal form, recalls them to my recollection, with a sensation, that brings the tear of pleasure into my eyes.

How happy must you have been at Shrewsbury! only that you tell me, alas! that dear Honora was not so well as you wished during your stay there.—I always hope the best. My impatient spirit rejects every obtruding idea, which I have not fortitude to support—Doctor Darwin's skill, and your tender care will remove that sad pain in her side, which makes writing troublesome and injurious to her; which robs her poor **Cher Jean* of those precious pages, with which, he flatters himself, she would otherwise have indulg'd him.

So your happiness at Shrewsbury scorn'd to be indebted to public amusements—Five Virgins—united in the soft bonds of friendship!—How I should have lik'd to have made the sixth!—

* A name of kindness, by which Mr. André was often called by his Mother and Sisters, and generally adopted by the persons mentioned in these letters.

But

But you surprize me by such an absolute exclusion of the Beaux — I certainly thought that when five wise Virgins were watching at midnight, it must have been in expectation of the Bridegroom's coming. *We* are at this instant five Virgins, writing round the same table — My three Sisters, Mr. Ewer, and myself. I beg no reflecting injurious to the honor of poor *Cher Jean*. My Mother is gone to pay a visit, and has left us in possession of the old Coach; but as for nags, we can boast of only two long-tails, and my Sisters say they are sorry cattle, being no other than my friend Ewer and myself, who, to say truth, have enormous pig-tails.

My dear Boissier is come to town;— he has brought a little of the soldier with him, but he is the same honest, warm, intelligent friend I always found him. He sacrifices the town diversions, since I will not partake of them.

We are jealous of your correspondents, who are so numerous— Yet, write to the Andrès often, my dear Julia, for who are they that will value your letters quite so much as we value them?— The least scrap of a letter will be received with the greatest joy — write therefore, tho' it were only to give us the comfort of having a piece of paper which has recently passed thro' your hands; — Honora will put in a little postscript, were it only to tell me that she is *my very sincere Friend*, who will neither give me love nor comfort.— very short indeed, Honora, was thy last postscript!—

But.

But I am too presumptuous;— I will not scratch out, but I *unsay*— From the little there *was* I received more joy than I deserve.—This *Cher Jean* is an impertinent fellow, but he will grow discreet in time — You must consider him as a poor novice of *eighteen*, who, for all the sins he may commit, is sufficiently punish'd in the single evil of being 120 miles from Lichfield.

My Mother and Sisters will go to Putney in a few days to stay some time — We none of us like Clapton — *I* need not care, for I am all day long in town; but it is avoiding Scylla to fall into Charybdis.— You paint to me the pleasant vale of Stow in the richest autumnal colouring:— In return I must tell you, that my zephyrs, are wafted through cracks in the wainscot; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels; for bleating flocks, grunting pigs; and squealing cats for birds that incessantly warble— I have said something of this sort in my letter to Miss Spearman, and am twing'd with the idea of these epistles being confronted, and that I shall recall to your memory the fat Knight's love letters to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Julia, perhaps thou fanciest I am merry — Alas! — But I do not wish to make you as doleful as myself; and besides, when I would express the tender feelings of my soul, I have no language which does them any justice; if I had, I should regret that you could not have it fresher, and that whatever one communicates by

letter

letter must go such a round-about way, before it reaches one's correspondent; from the writer's heart, thro' his head, arm, hand, pen, ink, paper, over many a weary hill and dale, to the eye, head, and heart of the reader. I have often regretted our not possessing a sort of faculty which should enable our sensations, remarks, &c. to arise from their source in a sort of exhalation, and fall upon our paper in words and phrases properly adapted to express them, without passing through an imagination whose operations so often fail to second those of the heart. Then what a metamorphose should we see in people's stile! How eloquent those who are truly attached! how stupid they who falsely profess affection! Perhaps the former had never been able to express half their regard; while the latter, by their flowers of rhetoric, had made us believe a thousand times more than they ever felt — but this is whimsical moralizing.

My Sisters Penserosos were dispersed on their arrival in town, by the joy of seeing Louisa and their dear little Brother Billy again, our kind and excellent Uncle Giradot, and Uncle Lewis Andrè. I was glad to see them, but they complain'd, not without reason, of the gloom upon my countenance — Billy wept for joy that we were returned, while poor *Cher Jean* was ready to weep for sorrow. Louisa is grown still handsomer since we left her. Our

Sisters, Mary and Anne, knowing your partiality to beauty, are afraid that when they shall introduce her to you, she will put their noses out of joint. Billy is not old enough for me to be afraid of in the rival-way, else I should keep him aloof, for his heart is form'd of those affectionate materials, so dear to the ingenuous taste of Julia and her Honora.

I sympathize in your resentment against the Canonical Dons, who stumpify the heads of those good green * people, beneath whose friendly shade so many of your happiest hours have glided away—but they defy them; let them stumpify as much as they please, Time will repair the mischief—their verdant arms will again extend, and invite You to their shelter.

The Evenings grow long—I hope your conversation round the fire will sometimes fall on the Andrès; it will be a great comfort that they are remember'd. We chink our glasses to your healths at ev'ry meal—Here's to our Lichfieldian friends, says Nanny;—Oh—h, says Mary;—with all my soul, say I;—Allons, cries my Mother;—and the draught seems nectar. The libation made, we begin our uncloying theme, and so beguile the gloomy evening.

* The trees in the Cathedral walk in Lichfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward will accept my most affectionate respects—
 My Male friend at Lichfield will join in your conversation on the
 Andrès. Among the numerous good qualities he is possessed of,
 he certainly has gratitude, and then he cannot forget those who so
 sincerely love and esteem him—I, in particular, shall always recall
 with pleasure the happy hours I have passed in his company—
 My friendship for him, and for your family, has diffused itself, like
 the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, on every thing which
 furrounds you, therefore I beg you would give my amitiès to the
 whole Town.—Persuade Honora to forgive the length and ardor
 of the inclos'd, and believe me truly

your affectionate and faithful friend

J. A N D R È.

L E T T E R II.

LONDON, October 19, 1769.

FROM the midst of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head a while to converse with dear Julia. — And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a Quill-driver, I must tell her, that I begin, as people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous a light. Instead of figuring a Merchant as a middle-aged man, with a bob wig, a rough beard, in snuff colour'd cloaths, grasping a guinea in his red hand; I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding

wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the Duke of Marlborough brandishing a truncheon upon a sign-post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopias that disembogue their stores upon his head; Mercuries reclin'd upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens ink and paper;—while in perspective, his gorgeous Vessels “launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames,” are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial Nation—Thus all the mercantile glories croud on my fancy, emblazon'd in the most refulgent colouring of an ardent imagination—Borne on her soaring pinions I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labours with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me—I see Orphans, and Widows, and Painters, and Fiddlers, and Poets, and Builders protected and encourag'd; and when the fabrick is pretty nearly finished by my shattered Pericranium, I cast my eyes around, and find John André, by a small coal fire, in a gloomy Compting-house in Warnford Court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and in all probability never to be much more than he is at present.—But oh! my dear Honora!—it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth.—You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself that she will soon be without any remains of this threat'ning disease.

It is seven o'clock — You and Honora, with two or three more select friends, are now probably encircling your dressing-room fireplace.

place. — What would I not give to enlarge that circle! The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, form'd by a few sincere friends, transports me. You seem combin'd together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness, and envy of the World. The purity, the warmth, the kindly influence of fire, to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds as Julia's and her Honora's — Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you; admit me to your conversation; — Think how I wish for the blessing of joining them! — and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear hope, that e'er it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place; — let the poker, tongs, or shovel represent me; — But you have Dutch-tiles, which are infinitely better; — So let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's Ass be my representative.

But time calls me to Clapton. — I quit you abruptly till to-morrow: when, if I do not tear the nonsense I have been writing, I may perhaps increase its quantity. Signora Cynthia is in clouded Majesty. — Silver'd with her beams I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps; — Musing as I homeward plod my way — Ah! need I name the subject of my contemplations!

Thursday.

Thursday.

I had a sweet walk home last night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair guest, a Miss Mourgue, very well—My Sisters send their amitiès and will write in a few days.

This morning I return'd to town—It has been the finest day imaginable—A solemn mildness was diffus'd throughout the blue horizon;—Its light was clear and distinct rather than dazzling; the serene beams of the autumnal sun!—Gilded hills,—variegated woods,—glittering spires,—ruminating herds,—bounding flocks,—all combin'd to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and “chace all sorrow but despair”—In the midst of such a scene, no lesser grief can prevent our sympathy with nature—A calmness, a benevolent disposition seizes us with sweet insinuating power.—The very brute creation seem sensible of these beauties;—There is a species of mild cheerfulness in the face of a Lamb, which I have but indifferently express'd in a corner of my paper, and a demure contented look in an Ox, which, in the fear of expressing still worse, I leave unattempted.

Business calls me away—I must dispatch my letter,—Yet what does it contain?—No matter—You like any thing better than news.—Indeed you never told me so, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the subject, from the sympathy which I have constantly perceived.

perceived in the taste of Julia and Cher Jean. — What is it to you or me

If here in the City we have nothing but riot,
 If the Spital-field Weavers can't be kept quiet,
 If the weather is fine, or the streets should be dirty,
 Or if Mr. Dick Wilfon died aged of thirty?

— But if I was to hearken to the verififying grumbling I feel within me I should fill my paper, and not have room left to intreat that you would plead my cause to Honora more eloquently than the inclosed letter has the power of doing. — Apropos of verses, you desire me to recollect my random description of the engaging appearance of the charming Mrs. ———. Here it is at your service—

Then rustling and bustling the Lady comes down,	}
With a flaming red face, and a broad yellow gown,	
And a hobbling out-of-breath gait, and a frown.	

This little French cousin of ours, Delarife, was my sister Mary's play-fellow at Paris. His sprightliness engages my Sisters extremely. Doubtless they talk much of him to you in their letters.

How

How sorry I am to bid you adieu! Oh let me not be forgot by the friends most dear to you at Lichfield!—*Lichfield!* Ah! of what magic letters is that little word compos'd!—How graceful it looks when it is written!—Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning “* The field of blood!” Oh! no such thing!—It is the field of joy! “The beautiful City, that lifts her fair head in the valley and says, I *am*, and there is none beside me!”—Who says she is vain?—Julia will not say so—nor yet Honora—and least of all their devoted

J. A N D R È

* *Field of blood.*—Here is a small mistake—Lichfield is not the field of blood, but “the field of dead-bodies,” alluding to a battle fought between the Romans and the British Christians in the Dioclesian Persecution, when the latter were massacred.—Three slain Kings, with their burying-place, now Barrowcop-hill, and the Cathedral in miniature, form the City-arms. *Lich* is still a word in use. The Church-yard Gates, thro’ which Funerals pass, are often call’d Lich-gates.

L E T T E R III.

CLAPTON, November 1, 1769.

MY ears still ring with the sounds of Oh Jack! Oh Jack! How do the dear Lichfieldians? — What do they say? — What are they about? — What did *you* do while you were with them? — Have patience, said I, good people! — and began my story, which they devoured with as much joyful avidity as Adam did Gabriel's tidings of heaven — My Mother and Sisters are all very well, and delighted with their little Frenchman, who is a very agreeable Lad.

Surely

Surely you applaud the fortitude with which I left you!— Did I not come off with flying colours?— It was a great effort, for, alas! this recreant heart did *not second* the smiling courage of the *countenance*; nor is it yet as it ought to be, from the hopes it may reasonably entertain of seeing you all again e'er the winter's dreary hours are past.— Julia, my dear Julia, gild them with tidings of our beloved Honora!— Oh that you may be enabled to tell me that she regains her health, and her charming vivacity!— Your sympathizing heart partakes all the joys and pains of your friends.— Never can I forget its kind offices, which were of such moment to my peace!— *Mine* is formed for friendship, and I am blest in being able to place so *well* the purest passion of an ingenuous mind!— How am I honour'd in Mr. and Mrs. Seward's attachment to me!— Charming were the anticipations which beguiled the long tracts of hill, and dale, and plain that divide London from Lichfield!— With what delight my eager eyes *drank* their first view of the dear Spires!— What rapture did I not feel on entering your gates!— in flying up the hall steps!— in rushing into the dining-room!— in meeting the gladden'd eyes of dear Julia and her enchanting Friend!— That instant convinc'd me of the truth of Rousseau's observation, “ that there are *moments* worth ages.”— Shall not those moments return? Ah Julia! the cold hand of absence is heavy upon the heart of your poor *Cher Jean*—

He is forced to hammer into it perpetually ev'ry consoling argument that the magic wand of Hope can conjure up; viz. that ev'ry moment of industrious absence advances his journey, you know whither.—I may sometimes make excursions to Lichfield, and bask in the light of my Honora's eyes!—Sustain me Hope!—nothing on my part shall be wanting which may induce thee to *fulfill* thy blooming promises.

The happy social circle, Julia, Honora, Miss S——n, Miss B——n, her Brother, Mr. S——e, Mr. R——n, &c. &c. are now, perhaps, enlivening your Dressing-room, the dear *blue Region*, as Honora calls it, with the sensible observation, the tasteful criticism, or the elegant song;—dreading the iron-tongue of the Nine o'clock bell, which disperses the Beings, whom friendship and kindred virtues had drawn together.—My imagination attaches itself to *all*, even the *inanimate* objects which surround Honora and her Julia;—that have beheld their graces and virtues expand and ripen;—my dear Honora's, from their infant bud.

The sleepy Claptonian train are gone to bed, somewhat wearied with their excursion to Enfield, whither they have this day carried their favourite little Frenchman;—so *great* a favourite, the parting was quite tragical. I walk'd hither from town, as usual, to night — no hour of the twenty four is so precious to me as that devoted

devoted to this solitary walk. — Oh, my Friend! I am far from possessing the patient frame of mind which I so continually invoke! — Why is Lichfield an hundred and twenty miles from me? — There is no *moderation* in the distance! — Fifty or sixty miles had been a great deal too much, but *then*, there would have been less opposition from *authority* to my frequent visits — I conjure you, supply the want of these blessings by frequent *letters* — I must not, will not ask them of Honora, since the use of the pen is forbid to her declining health; — I will content myself, as usual, with a postscript from her in your epistles. — My Sisters are charm'd with the packet which arrived yesterday, and which they will answer soon.

As yet I have said nothing of our journey. We met an entertaining Irish Gentleman at Dunchurch, and, being fellow-sufferers in cold and hunger, join'd interests, order'd four horses, and stuffed three in a chaise. — It is not to *you*, I need apologize for talking in raptures of an Higler, whom we met on our road. His cart had pass'd us, and was at a considerable distance, when, looking back, he perceiv'd that our Chaise had stop'd, and that the Driver seem'd mending something. He ran up to him, and with a face full of honest anxiety, pity, good-nature, and every sweet affection under Heaven, ask'd him if we wanted any thing; that he had plenty of nails, ropes, &c. in his cart. — That wretch of a Postillion made

no other reply than, "We want nothing Master." From the same impulse the good Irishman, Mr. Till, and myself thrust our heads instantly out of the Chaise, and try'd to recompence to the honest Creature this furly reply, by every kind and grateful acknowledgment, and by forcing upon him a little pecuniary tribute. My benevolence will be the warmer, while I live, for the treasur'd remembrance of this Higler's countenance.

I know you interest yourself in my destiny—I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession of a Merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it—Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention!—that vile trash; which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my Soul—Thus all my Mercantile calculations go to the tune of *dear Honora*.—When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a Merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear Talisman so inspirits my industry, that no toil appears oppressive.

The poetic task you set me is in a sad method—My head and heart are too full of other matters to be engrossed by a draggle-tail'd Wench of the Heliconian puddle.

I am

I am going to try my interest in Parliament—How you stare!—it is to procure a frank.—Be so good to give the inclos'd to Honora;—*it* will speak to *her*—And do *you* say ev'ry thing that is kind for me to every *other* distinguish'd Friend of the Dressing-room circle—encourage them in their obliging desire of scribbling in your letters, but don't let them take Honora's corner of the sheet.

Adieu!—May you all possess that chearfulness denied to your *Cher Jean*. I fear it hurts my Mother to see my musing moods;—but I can neither help nor overcome them.—The near hopes of another excursion to Lichfield, could alone disperse every gloomy vapour of my imagination.

Again, and yet again Adieu!

J. A N D R È.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAGE 2, line 16, for *ignominious* read *ignominious*.

3, — 14, read *With Eagle-glance reverted, Memory clears*.

7, — 13, for *thifty* read *thrifty*.

27, — 11, for *Violet* read *Snow-Drop*.

31, — 6, for *reflecting* read *reflections*.

38, — 18, for *Cynthea* read *Cynthia*.

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